

My Life

**A Collection of Poetry by Youth
in California's Court System**

2004



ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE
OF THE COURTS

CENTER FOR FAMILIES, CHILDREN
& THE COURTS

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This second collection of poetry was produced in 2004 by the Administrative Office of the Courts, Center for Families, Children & the Courts in honor of the statewide conference Beyond the Bench XV: Engaging Communities. For additional copies of this booklet or the first collection, *Can You Hear Me?*, please call 415-865-7739, e-mail cfcc@jud.ca.gov, or write to the address below:

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It is our great pleasure to present *My Life*, a second collection of poetry by youth in California's court system. This booklet contains a selection of poetry submitted to us as entries in our second annual Children's Art and Poetry Contest held in 2004 to honor the statewide conference Beyond the Bench XV: Engaging Communities.

The contest was open to youth of any age who have had experience with the court system. We received a tremendous response to the contest and had the difficult task of selecting these few poems to share with you. All the poems we received were excellent in their own ways, providing a glimpse into the lives of youth in the court system. The selected poems are simply a snapshot of the poetry entries and represent a range of ages and subjects.

Please note that the poems have not been edited for spelling or grammatical errors. We felt it was important to present the poems as they were submitted to us.

We express our deepest appreciation for all the young poets who entered the contest and shared their thoughts and feelings with us. It was a truly enlightening experience for our staff and those who assisted us in selecting the poems for this booklet. We are also exceedingly grateful to the many individuals and court personnel who helped us reach out to the youths and facilitate their participation in the contest.

We hope you will enjoy the poems in this booklet, and we invite you to share them with others.



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Nervousness

Ashley

Age 13

It lives in my body
It lives in my head
When I am edgy
My stomach feels
Like a soaked piece of writing
All crumped up
It moves in the dark
Creeping up on me.
It speaks to me like
A heated angry voice in the dark.

“For me being on probation makes me [feel] like I need to get my stuff all together. I really don’t like going to court because I get nervous in from of the judge.” Ashley is on probation in Butte County.

I Am Who I Am

Francisco

Age 18

I see things a lot of people don't see
I hear stuff some people would never want
To hear in their life
I feel so much pain that nobody else feels

I am who I am
I wish for so many things
I dream of dreams, I don't know if I will ever
Reach them
I think I will ... I hope I will

I am who I am
I want to be successful in life and in
Whatever I do
I will try not to fail
I won't fail

I am Jacob

"I just wish they would try to get to know me and all the others like me that sit befor[e] the one that holds [our] life in his or her hands." Francisco is in the delinquency system in Santa Barbara County.

Abuse

Debra

Age 20

Tears will drop till dry
lines on my cheeks appear

My heart will ache
till it disenagrates

hope will be replaced with fear
Promises won't produce
my hold has become lose.
Abuse

Love was way away
and when it appeared
It headed tords the other way

My knees feel weak
my ribs still show

Screams will sound
but an ear wont be found.

When will it stop
I don't like to be touched
in these spots
My tummy twist in knots
I can't refuse
Abuse

Thrown to the tourcherous cage
the keys thrown away.
I'm surrounded with rage.
I only wonder if I'll live another day.

My lips turn purple
I will wait for her to show
let alone in the cold
I feel so low

I'm told to be a waste of space
Worthless
Is what's written all over my face
Who's to accuse
Abuse

Blood drips as my eyes blacken
bumps & bruises begin
deep down I know this will
never end.

I raise the ones I love
and I plead to my lord above
but a child's voice shows no sound

The scars are bare
people will stare
but no one will ever care

Life is no use
Abuse

Debra is in the delinquency system in Alameda County for assault with a deadly weapon and attempted murder. She is currently serving a 10-year sentence in the California Youth Authority. Debra wrote this poem when she was 15 years old.

Have You Ever

Fatima

Age 20

Have you ever lived my life?
Spent one minute in my shoes?
If you haven't then tell me why
You judge me as you do.

Have you ever woke up in the morning
Wondering if this was your last day on earth?
Have you left your house unsure if you'd return?

Have you ever seen your friend get shot outside his
favorite store?
Have you ever seen a friend die
from drugs he'd never used before?

Have you ever seen your Mom get beat up by your
Stepdad, messed up on booze?
Have you ever had an unwanted pregnancy forcing you
to choose?

Have you ever sat beneath the stars
Hoping God will hear you?
Have you ever seen your friend drive away
After way too many beers?

Have you ever had a friend
Experience with weed?
Have you ever covered up guilt
by doing a good deed?

Have you ever considered suicide as the only way?
Have you ever tried to hide yourself
Behind the things you say?
Have you ever wanted to protect your friends
And everyone in sight?
Have you ever felt such pain
that you cried yourself to sleep at night?
Have you ever lived my life
Spent one minute in my shoes?
If you haven't then tell me why
You judge me as you do?

Fatima is in the delinquency system in Sacramento County. She has a history of suicide attempts.

My Failure

Danielle

Age 15

Words spoken that should have went unsaid
Times lying, I swear I'll end up dead.
Pain dripping, in the form of open wounds,
Secrets buried, deep within my tombs.
Times of hate, so strong they make me cold,
Hiding in emotion, by being bad and bold.

Crying out hoping you would hear,
Never showing the depth of all my fear.
Demons and Devils you'll see within my eyes,
Murder and passion you'll hear within her cries.

You take what you get
And forget what you don't
Keep living your life but never alone.
For the demon of failure,
Comes out only when you are alone.

Danielle is in the delinquency system in Riverside County for assault and battery and drug use.

My Life: A Message to Death

Angel R.

Age 16

The smell of drugs gets death's attention
So when you smoke that drug you send him a message
He tries to find you but the smell goes away
Because you only smoked once so the scent doesn't stay.
Death starts to give up then smells it again
Because your smoking another, this time with your friends
You continue to smoke as years go by
So death continues to look to take your life.
Death must be close now because now you have cancer
He's getting closer and closer, faster & faster.
Now he's got you, your life starts to fade away
All because of that one drug you smoked that day

Angel is in the delinquency system in Fresno County.

Why

Roman

Age 16

Why don't somebody
Anybody
Ask me what no one dares to ask
Like
What I feel
What I want
What I need
Who I am today
Who I will be tomorrow
I want people to ask
To say hi when I pass by
To sit and talk to me
I need to tell people what I think
Need a girlfriend to share things with
When I need fun
When I need help
People think I'm a nobody
I'm really the king of happiness
Just sometimes I'm not nice
If somebody
Anybody
Ask me
What no one dares to ask
They would know.

Roman is in the delinquency system in Fresno County.

My Life

Lashanda

Age 13

My life is so weird and detained; my life is like the super natural hard to explain. If people only knew how I feel how some times I wish I could die if they only knew how I try to hold back my tears because I'm to afraid to cry. I think about how my life would be if I wasn't here. I'm so mad at the world my hate is boiling up inside, cause it has no place to run and hide, my heart is breaking clean in two and there nothing anyone can do. I'm so miserable that my soul becomes a lake of fire and [so] sometimes hurting someone is my desire, all I want is someone to understand my pain the pain that is driving me insane, my life is something that I can never change but I know that if I stay strong I will only gain. So this is my life as everybody knows but I'm never going to give up I will stay strong and never let go.

"I wish that I could go back in time and change everything but then I know that things might be worse or different and everything happens for a reason and this system is only going to make me stronger." Lashanda has been in the dependency system in San Diego County since she was 8 years old.

Me

Sandy

Age: 14

sporty, funny and smart
he keeps his family close to the heart.
he loves laughing with his friends after
a lark.
he loves to walk in the park.
he loves the water even if it is full
sharks.
he needs a job that's in bucks.
he needs one of those charms that bring
him luck.
he fears what is to come.
he fears people that carry a gun.
he gives to the community's plan. some
day he hopes to shake the president's
hand.
he will be on his way and basket ball he
will play.
he would like to see his grandmother,
grandfather and god at the time of his
demise.
he is a resident of a good home and when
he has his stereo on it rocks the house
like the rolling stones.

My Pain

Theresa
Age 14

I have so much pain
and my tears come
out like the rain. I
been in the system
too long, and I
always wander
what I ever did
wrong. I wish I
could give my
life to someone
else who wants
one, cause I hate my life
and I can't
change it. I
wish god never
gave me a life to live, because now I have
a mom I'll never forgive. So now all I
can is I have pain, and it can't go
away like the rain. So now all I can do
is keep my head up and stay strong,
and one day I will realize that it
was good
all along.

"I've been in the system since I was 6 years old. It hasn't been the coolest place to live, but it has been something safe. I been to about 6 different group homes ... I been through a lot, but I've handled it all. I'm a strong girl and I always keep my head up. I just wish most of these people who move me to place to place could understand, how it feels to live like this." Theresa is in the dependency system in San Diego County.

Person

Rayshawn

Age 14

What are you
Let me label you
Because you're white, chinese, mexican or black
You celebrate Kwanza
You eat tacos
Or do you eat dog
You pray to that six armed elephant
Or is it seven
I bet you live in a teepee

Are you my enemy
Are you gonna work for me
Am I gonna work for you
No
Just let me look at you ...
You just a little punk
So do you need to know that
Or do you need to think that
Just take a second and think about it
People mean more then the color of your skin

"I've had those ups and downs, those hardaches and pains, and those struggling fights and didn't even know it. One gray day it [hit] me with tremendous force that I can express my anger and frustration on something else. I've been searching and came upon the skill I have with art. With art I can express my feelings towards my life." Rayshawn is in the delinquency system in Alameda County. He also submitted artwork in the contest.

They Robbed Me

Natasha

Age 16

They robbed and took the most precious things I had
But I hide behind my false smile and pretend I'm not sad
As I began to live my life and replace what they took
I happened to be robbed by yet another crook
The second time I was robbed was like running into a wall
It broke both of my legs when I was trying to stand tall
I feel like when they robbed me they also robbed my family
They took "me" now I'm some one else and I don't think
they understand me
Sometimes I'll just sit around and wonder why am I crying
I feel miss-used I'm so confused am I living or dying?
It's not right so many girls get robbed in their life
I just happened to be the one they chose to rob twice
Some things they stole can never ever be replaced
When I say that I was robbed it means I was raped

Natasha was in the delinquency system in Sonoma County. Her probation ended in November 2004.

Responsibility Takes Action

Amy
Age 17

In my life responsibility takes a lot of action. With work you can break the chain reaction. Be a little part of the fraction. Make the effort to your satisfaction. The ones who do succeed in life, fight hard and overcome their strife.

Don't talk about wanting the world to be a better place because without action the world is closer to becoming a disgrace. Take action by standing up for what's right. Stop doing what is wrong and start doing what is right.

If we all decide today to live our life in a better way, then perhaps someday the world will be a better place for every age, sex, religion, and race. Then we could spend our time helping instead of hating each other.

Responsibility takes action. So take the action and become part of the fraction. Be part of the ones who changed their life around and chose to succeed in life instead of the ones who keep committing crimes to fulfill their greed in life.

Amy was in the dependency system in Contra Costa County from age 8, and in the delinquency system from age 14. She "kept [her] nose clean for 2 years...[but then] I messed up after doing good for so long. When I get out I plan to try again and hopefully this time I will make it and make the right choices."

My Life

Mikey
Age 16

My life is full of rough times,
cause I never ever cried.
Since I was a kid, I wish I would of hid,
from all the drama so maybe I wouldn't have all this karma
I sat in a cell most my teenage time,
cause I've committed so many crimes.
Then I gotten in to drugs,
which made me feel like a dirty ass rug.
Sometimes I wish I didn't act cool,
so maybe I would finish school.
Then when I feel alone,
is cause I'm on my own.
I don't know why I do what I do
but I know I'm happy with my crew.
At this moment I sit in the hall,
and sometimes I wish I would have kept playing football.
Right now I'm feeling damp,
cause I'm going to camp, so I can change my life before I die.
Cause living in this crazy life of drugs and violence,
someone might just lose there tolerance.
So the way to make it home,
Is just to be strong.

"I've run from probation, house arrest, and placements. I have done a lot of crimes and dug myself deep in the system. Now I wait to go to probation camp so I can get strait." Mikey has been in the delinquency system in Sonoma County since he was 11 years old.

My Life

Rosa
Age 16

Life is a Mystery
hesitating to show it's meaning
lifeless feelings, no sort of loved healing
enemies creeping
lies after lies, with tears dropping from
my eyes
as I'm filled with wisdom and understanding
I feel as if I'm the last one standing
obligated by decision made by me
Blind to what clearly I can see
Reminiscing on homies who made the same
mistakes as me
only to end up 6 feet deep, resting in peace
you would think this is enough to change me
it only brings me in deep and is what
leads me to creep
Judged by the color of my skin, I'm in a
battle I'll never win
childhood memories only remind me of the
pain and suffering
my heart still not at ease
that's why this wild life attracted me
looking for love my mother wasn't able to give me
But at least raising my self-esteem by telling me
"life will get better you'll see" so as I wait patiently
for that day promised to me, with saddened and messed
up memories, those bullets won't scare me, because life isn't
precious to me I'm just another shattered piece in a non-perfect society

"I would like anyone who reads my poem to have a little knowledge of my life because believe it or not my poem is deep and it describes the life of [a] 16 year old convict that the court system made." Rosa has been in the delinquency system in San Diego County since she was 12 years old for various crime and gang activity. She will continue her current six-year sentence in adult court once she turns 18.

My Life

Charles

Age 17

My life has many problems pain and grief.
I am chief of all my troubles.
Always guiding myself into a mess.
Tears stress and pain is almost like a second name.
So far into the drug game my heart only recognizes shame.
Losing my wife
The woman I love
The one who there should have been nothing else above
Drugs crime and delinquency is a frequent thing
Now I am in court being convicted locked down and committed
To juvenile hall.

Charles is in the delinquency system in Sonoma County.

My Life

Uriel
Age 17

My life is my life and not yours.
I live my life the way I want to live it with out your chores.
Don't tell me what to do, don't tell me who to be.
I am who I am except me for me.
This pain that I'm struggling with can you even see it?
If I told you I had feelings, or that I am a changed man,
Would you even believe it?
You say you are of equal judgment and opportunity.
Yet if you are gang related you are not to be set free.
There's a price to pay for every decision I make,
Whether good or bad it's a risk I take.
My life as thug was cool at times,
But all the lonely days and nights made me change my mind.
I used to think that running the streets was the way to be,
But in the long run I realized that life style wasn't for me!

“My experience in my first court was scary! I didn't know what to expect, didn't know what to do or say. I was facing a big charge, strong arm robbery. I took the blame like an idiot (I was going by street code never snitch). Dumb move!” Uriel is in the delinquency system in Sonoma County.

Rose

Nicole

Age 12

I am a rose.
NO, I'm a bud.
And each time I get to know
Someone one petal grows out.
Each time I cry, I get to know myself
Of who I am in blood and in mind
I grow.

I am a rose.
I drink off my tears.
I feed off my emotions.
But I am only a bud,
Not yet a rose.

I am a rose.
People drink off my sweetness and kindness
People feed off my helpfulness and lovingness
People like me for who I am.

I am a rose
No, I am a bud
Almost a rose.

Nicole has been in the dependency system in Alameda and San Francisco Counties. She wrote this poem when she was 11 years old.

My Thoughts

Jennifer

Age 18

As I sit here and await my time to fly,
I can hear other inmates and residents cry.
I know what I've done was oh so wrong ...
How can I sit here and stay so calm and strong?
In my heart I know I have loved ones in the outs,
If I don't or won't change I'll start to have doubts.
Why should I live with fear in my life?
It dances in my head and causes me strife.
Please GOD I'll pray to you every single night,
To protect my family and make their wrongs become right.
I'm not going to sit here and blame any others...
I got out the car and almost harmed another.
See ... I was being threatened by someone cruel, and low.
I should have been brave and stood up and said, "NO!"
But what I've done was in the past ...
I've grown and won't let my life go by so fast.
I've lost so much with just one mistake,
I don't know how I'm going to gain back my FAITH.

"The first time I went to court I was scared. It was my first offense and my first time being arrested. My charge was really bad. All I could think about was my family ... I have a review in a few months to see my progress, meaning I have to face the judge again. I've learned so much with this mistake, I know that I'll never go back to doing wrong." Jennifer is in the delinquency system in Contra Costa County.

A Home That Can Heal

Jessica

Age 18

I remember a time when each day was long,
When the world was a playground and my life a song,
And I fluttered through years with barely a care
Ignoring the future and what waited there
School was intriguing and filled with delight
I played away daytimes and dreamed away nights
My parents assured me I had nothing to fear,
And that no matter what happened they'd always be there.
Little I knew of a world outside home,
Where tragedy, sorrow and hatred could roam.
All I saw were blue skies, rainbows and stars.
I looked past destruction of buildings and cars.
I wish I could change the way I feel
and move from a house that can hurt,
to a home that can heal.

“While being incarcerated, I felt a lot of pain and loneliness. My poem tells about my life at home and locked up. I’m 18 and I go home soon, so I hope to make better choices and take care of my son.” Jessica is in the delinquency system in San Bernardino County.

Fifteen

Marika
Age 21

I don't want to come down
Please don't let me come down
I don't want to feel
I don't want to see what I've become
I don't want to eat
I know I should
You tell me I'm too skinny
But I don't see
I can't stop shaking
I'm so cold
I ran away from it
Don't make me go back
If I just keep going
If I move fast enough
If I get more done
Maybe I'll be worth something
Maybe I'll do something right
Please don't let me come down
It hurts too much
I just want some more
So my thoughts move too fast to
catch
So I don't have to realize how much I
hate myself
I hate myself so much
No no I don't want the pain
I don't want to feel
I just want another line
I don't want to live
Please please don't let me come
down
Please don't let me come down

Tears

Marika
Age 21

No one saw her tears
The little girl behind the smile

He hated that girl
The little girl behind the smile

He taught her to hate herself
The little girl behind the smile

He took everything she loved
And tore her heart in pieces
The little girl behind the smile

With four shots he was gone
But the girl isn't little anymore
No longer can she hide her tears
For there is no more smile

Does It Matter

Marika

Age 21

Do you think you know me
Do you know what makes me who I am
Do you know what's deep down inside
Do you see what ugliness I've lived in
Do you think it won't matter

Does it matter that I have hated
Does it matter that I have killed
That I know the relief of shooting a man four times in the head

A man I once called Daddy
A man I learned to hate
A man I learned hated me
A man who haunts my dreams

It's him who wakes me screaming in the night
Just like he has my whole life
Three years dead and he just won't die
I wonder if he ever will

Will he still yell at me every time I slip
Will he never let me rest
Will he ever let my pain stop

How many times must I kill him before he dies

Marika is in the delinquency system in San Joaquin County for second-degree murder and use of a firearm. She shot and killed her adopted father, who had molested her and her other siblings for years.

My Life

Jorge
Age 17

My life I'm going to talk about,
Man it's been ruff with out a doubt,
Living in the ghetto smoking weed,
I didn't even know how to read,
I left Mexico in the second grade,
I remember in the plane I prayed,
A new life my parents wanted for me,
Not knowing I would end up like a G,
In the seventh grade I started to bang,
All I wanted is to be in a gang,
It didn't happen till the 9th grade,
When the 13 I started to claim,
Respect I wanted to have: hell no I didn't want to be lame,
Smoking weed everyday,
When none was available I did crank and cocaine,
When I got shot it wasn't funny at all,
I decided to change and not go to juvenile hall,
Getting my credits in school,
I realized banging wasn't cool,
A good future I want for me,
Cause I want a good life for my wife and my kids,
I want to go to college and get a career,
For me to achieve my goals my mom and dad cheer,
The only bad thing I have to work on,
Is to stop smoking like cheech and chong,
I realized that drugs aren't the best,
Cause doing them won't get you success,
I want to be a poet so poems I could write,
Achieving my goals wouldn't it be tight?

I don't care what my homies think about me,
Cause i aint representing the 1-3,
Oh no more of that life of a G,
And forget getting high,
Was up to all the ladies rollin by,
Banging in the streets & getting high,
Is just a waste of time that fast goes by,
Thank god I didn't realize that too late,
Cause I'm going to graduate and got my s*** straight.

Jorge is in the delinquency system in Napa County. The 13 is the name of a local gang, and a G is a designation of being part of a gang.

My Soul

Vasana

Age 18

I walked the broad path searching for my soul. Still I wandered in darkness.
The breeze blew against my skin, icy cold. I treaded such path because over time, I
grew heartless. What was risky I dared it bold. All that was evil and wicked, I
condoned.
A proud man who rejected what God proposed. I was a zombie a shell without a soul.

I no longer had tears, it all evaporate. I could no longer look at myself somehow I
faded. A tapestry missing a strand. Still a boy living inside a man.
The leaves withered away corresponding with I. I then realized there is no answer to
why. I fought all my life to transcend from normal existence. Materialism can easily
be taken away in an instant.

Life isn't like a candle; the sparks cannot be reunited. Why take it so lightly and
behave unrighteous. Still I search for my soul

A life in a grave can be a minute away. Then the soul will return to whom that may.
In the end the scale will weight. He that fear will be in a better place.
I'm filled with so many regrets. Flashes the past filled to the brim but it I suppress.
I commit mischief in the land, and transgress. In the end the weight of an atom will
manifest. Stillness in the midst of chaos. I'm responsible, my own soul I have lost.

Humans don't transform like an insect. When at middle stage we often wish to
digress. Penitence is not to become nostalgic. Perseverance is the quality of those
devoted. Honey is only the taste of the rich. Fair is measured by how we live.
Bitterness is on the tongue of the poor. Greed is the base that enrages war.
Materialism will destroy the soul.

Emotions clog the intellect. My heart it is that's wretched.
The road I tread is made of burning coals. I'm aplomb as the rivers flow.
Transformation of conscious helps one grow. The way shall I find.
The covenant it is that bind. The time that withered away I did not see.
The sundial ticked at an awesome speed. I'm getting nearer to finding my soul.

My conscious is catching up to me. I'm afraid of what it holds so I flee.
All I was conditioned to believe I no longer hold. The fight has just begun it is not the
end of the road.
The walls will not close. I've just started to grow.
My soul is so close.

Vasana is in the delinquency system in Amador County. He first entered the court system in 1999 for an assault and battery charge and is currently serving a sentence for various assault and weapon charges. He says he was "treated fairly by the court and am grateful for this third chance."

My Life

Christy

Age 18

My life has not been normal
For me being a girl.
I have had my normal ups and downs
Just like the whole world.
But I have lived my life crazy
For me being a gangster girl.
I'm suppose to be a mother,
A daughter, and a sister,
But my heart and conscience
Don't get along,
So this makes me turn right into wrong.
I have three sisters and two brothers too.
They see me, but they don't
See the real me.
I have lived my life bringing
Worry and stress to my mother,
With so many disappointments
Instead of big smiles.
As I sit on my bunk,
I sit down and wonder.
Will I keep on coming
In and out of jail?
Or will I be there for my daughter?
Will I choose the homies and
Heartbreak again or
Will I be a big girl and
Let reality check in?

I'm not a little girl anymore,
In fact I'm eighteen with a release date.
No more playing games,
No more second chances.
It's time to clear my name
With no more felony cases.
Instead I should be working
With incredible new faces.
One day I'll begin to start
A new life,
And put an end to all the
Misery and strife.

“My court experience wasn't really bad at all. I pleaded guilty to what I did and I took the consequences like a woman ...I have so many decisions to make I don't even know what to do. A part of me wants to keep doing what I'm doing but another part is telling me to give it up and change.” Christy is in the delinquency system in San Bernardino County.

My Life: Tears

Jose

Age 17

My life is full of tears,
locked away from the ones I love,
these walls are filthy as me,
I'm struggling to be,
this reputation of frustration done got
the best of me,
My life is wasted by thugs and drugs
that will never ever see,
I am blind from my misery,
My life is history
I just want to be free,
I guess I can't ever be

Jose is in the delinquency system in Fresno County.

A C.P.S. Child

Bluford

Age 18

Every night I cry my self to sleep
Pray-n to god my sole to take
I'm 6 years old & all alone
Sad, down and depressed.
All eyes are fockest on me
Lafing and calling me all kinds of names
Momma don't want me, daddy's on drugs
I've been in 5 homes in lest then a month
This is the life of a C.P.S. child
Now I've got older
14 years old
Drink-n and smok-n
get-n locked up
Sex and drugs
West [coast's] my hood
fight after fight
I have to fit in
Can't look like a punk
In front of my boys
this is the life of a C.P.S. child
Twenty-six
Now I'm in prizon with no one to call
No one writes me
Put money on my books
or even comes to see me
All of my boys are in the free world
having fun
Stack-n there bread
While I'm doing life
for kill-n a man
This is the life of a C.P.S. child.

Bluford is in the delinquency system in San Diego County.



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The artwork on the cover of this booklet was created by Deana, age 10. Deana is in the dependency system in Yolo County and says that she “like[s] my lawyer, my socel [social] worker, and my CASA.” The artwork is titled “Life Is a Puzzle!”

